

LAKE CHAMPLAIN
ASSOCIATION



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1923

Year Book 1922-1923

of the

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Lake Champlain
Association

ORGANIZED 1909

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1923

Officers, 1922

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Committees

Dinner

IRVING S. HAYNES
THOMAS R. POWELL
WILLIAM H. BUTTON
EDMUND SEYMOUR
PERCIVAL WILDS

Auditing

WILLIAM G. BOSWORTH
HALL P. McCULLOUGH

Speakers

IRVING S. HAYNES
JOHN C. CLARK
JOHN B. BURNHAM
AUGUSTUS N. HAND
PERCIVAL WILDS

Nominations

AUGUSTUS N. HAND
HALL P. McCULLOUGH
EDMUND SEYMOUR
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Constitution and By-Laws

ARTICLE I.—NAME

This society shall be known as the Lake Champlain Association.

ARTICLE II.—OBJECTS

The objects of this Association shall be: To assemble in social gatherings; to renew and extend affiliations; to perpetuate the historical traditions and to promote the welfare of the Lake Champlain Valley.

ARTICLE III.—MEMBERSHIP

There shall be four classes of members, as follows:

SECTION 1. Active members—persons who at some time have been residents or property owners in the Lake Champlain Valley or neighborhood, or who are interested in its history and development.

SECTION 2. Associate members—persons not residing in the City of New York or within fifty miles thereof, who are or at some time have been residents or property owners in the Lake Champlain Valley or neighborhood.

SECTION 3. Honorary members—the Governor of the State of New York, the Governor of the State of Vermont, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, and such others as shall be elected by unanimous vote of the Board of Governors.

SECTION 4. Any person eligible to membership may become a life member and be entitled to all privileges of active membership by payment of One Hundred Dollars (\$100) in lieu of dues.

ARTICLE IV.—OFFICERS

The officers of the Association shall consist of: A President, four Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Historian. They shall be elected by the active members of the Association at its annual meeting, except that the Secretary and Treasurer shall be elected by the Board of Governors, and all officers shall hold office for one year and until their successors are elected.

At least thirty days before the Annual Meeting in each year, beginning with 1910, the Board of Governors shall elect a Committee to nominate a ticket to be voted for at the annual election, and a list of such nominees shall be sent to each active member of the Association at least fifteen days before such annual meeting. Nothing herein contained shall prevent the nomination and election to office at such meeting of any members who have not been nominated by the Committee.

ARTICLE V.—POWERS AND DUTIES OF OFFICERS

The President or, in his absence, one of the Vice-Presidents, shall preside at all meetings of the Association.

The Secretary shall issue all notices of meetings of the Association, the Board of Governors and the standing committees. He shall keep records of such meetings and conduct the correspondence of the Association.

The Treasurer shall collect, and under the direction of the Board of Governors shall disburse, the funds of the Association and shall keep proper accounts thereof.

ARTICLE VI.—THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS

There shall be a Board of Governors consisting of the officers of the Association and fifteen other members. Such fifteen other members shall be elected by the Board, five each year, to hold office for three years and until their successors are elected. The Board shall have charge of the business affairs and shall appropriate funds for the expenses of the Association, but it shall not contract or authorize any indebtedness exceeding the net balance then remaining unappropriated in the treasury. It shall have power to fill, for the unexpired term, any vacancy which may occur from death, or resignation among the officers or members of the Board and shall, as occasion may require, make by-laws, rules and regulations, and appoint standing committees.

ARTICLE VII.—ADMISSION TO MEMBERSHIP, DUES, ETC.

SECTION 1. Candidates for admission to membership must be proposed by a member of the Association in writing. The application must state the name, occupation and residence of the candidate,

and must be submitted to the Board of Governors, who shall act upon the same.

SECTION 2. The annual dues for active members shall be \$5.00, which shall entitle the member to a ticket for the annual dinner. The annual dues for associate members shall be \$2.00. An associate member shall be entitled to a ticket for the annual dinner upon the additional payment of \$3.00. There shall be no annual dues for life members.

SECTION 3. All dues must be payable on the first day of December in each year, and any member in arrears for thirty days thereafter may be dropped from the roll by the Board of Governors on report of the Treasurer.

SECTION 4. The Board of Governors shall have power by vote of a majority of its members to suspend or expel any member of the Association for conduct on his part calculated to endanger the welfare, interest, or character of the Association, an opportunity being first given such member to be heard before the Board in his defense.

ARTICLE VIII.—MEETINGS

SECTION 1. The annual meeting of the Association shall be held at a time and place designated by the Board of Governors. In connection with this annual meeting it shall be the duty of the Board to arrange for a dinner to be held under the auspices of the Association.

SECTION 2. Special meetings of the Association may be called by a majority of the Board of Governors. At least five days' notice shall be given to the members of all meetings of the Association.

ARTICLE IX.—AMENDMENTS

No amendment of the Constitution shall be made except on the written request of at least ten members of the Association or on the recommendation of the Board of Governors, and then only on the affirmative vote of three-fourths of the members present.

The Twelfth Annual Dinner

The Twelfth Annual Dinner of the Lake Champlain Association was held at the Waldorf-Astoria, Fifth Avenue and 34th Street, New York, December 14, 1922, at 7 P. M., Dr. Irving S. Haynes, Toastmaster, presiding.

THE TOASTMASTER—(DR. IRVING S. HAYNES)

We have now reached the second part of our program. While we are all ardent partisans of the Champlain Valley, yet we remember that we are citizens of this great country of which that is a small though illustrious part. And it is our custom, as good citizens of these United States, to drink to the health of our beloved country and the President, His Excellency, Warren G. Harding. I will ask you to rise and drink a toast.

(The guests arose and drank a toast to the President.)

It has seemed eminently fitting to your Board of Governors that we should pause a moment in our festivities and remember the losses that we have sustained during this past year in the deaths of Julius H. Seymour, Walter C. Witherbee, and Charles E. Bush, all loyal members of this Association. The first and last have been members from its foundation and also members of the Board of Governors. Suitable memorials will appear in our Year Book, but it seemed right that we should pause here and testify to the love and esteem in which we held these men. I will ask you to rise and drink a silent toast to the memory of these three members of the Association.

(The guests arose and drank a silent toast.)

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking the members of this Association for the honor conferred upon me by being elected your President. I esteem this as a token of regard and affection. I thank you for it.

We have never, in my recollection, made any distinct reference to the ladies who have been present at our various dinners, who made them such a success, and who are here in such lovely evidence tonight. The Champlain Valley rings with stories and deeds of men, but so far

as my reading goes there is no adequate collection or historical review of the part that the women played in the development of this section of the country. I would throw out the suggestion to our members, that it might be and it is a very worthy theme for someone to write an adequate history of the "Women of the Champlain Valley."

Our first speaker comes to us from the State of Vermont. He also represents that gem of the State, the City of Burlington, and high up overlooking that city stand the buildings of the oldest university of that State, the University of Vermont, founded in 1791, with which he is connected.

The speaker has told me what his subject is—"The Lake that Is the Gate of the Country." Well, I have been thinking over that. You know it is not the duty of a toastmaster to anticipate the points that a speaker is going to make, and I venture to say that possibly he has not thought of considering his subject in the same light that I am going to presently. It seems to me that that section of the country instead of being called merely a gate might be called a flood-gate, especially for the thirsty New Yorkers, because by highway and waterway and airway there seems to be coming to this State all the time—well, liquid nourishment from our sister nation. Of course, some of our citizens, I presume, have to go and get it on their own hook.

A story is told about a man that went to Burlington and came back. When he walked down to the Grand Central it was noticed that his hip pocket bulged quite prominently, and he went out into the crowd on Forty-second Street and was bumped by a slow moving taxi, and he was heard to exclaim as he felt the fluid run down his body, "Oh, Lord, I hope that is blood."

Now that you people on the other side of the Lake may not be jealous because I have selected Burlington, I want to tell you about another man that came down and was met by a friend of his, and the friend noticed that the gentleman was very much excited, and he said, "What is the matter, Jim?" He says, "Who was that man that wrote about man's inhumanity to men?" His friend replied, "I do not know. Why, Jim, what is the trouble?" He said, "I would just like to get

my hands on that fellow in Plattsburg that sold me a quart of cold tea for ten dollars."

Now, Mr. Crockett, I hope I have not anticipated any of the points that you wish to make.

WALTER H. CROCKETT

Mr. Toastmaster, Members of the Lake Champlain Association, Ladies, and Gentlemen: Usually it is the country cousins coming to the city who get into trouble rather than trouble originating in the country, which needs official attention; and I should hardly want to take the responsibility for all the liquid refreshments that come into the State of New York as originating on the Vermont border.

Very likely I should be criticized in my use of geographical terms if I said that Lake Champlain was common ground for New Yorkers and Vermonters; but at least I may say with safety that it is common water, around which very many pleasant associations gather, and in those associations and in those historic memories we may overlook, at least for the time being, any unpleasant references to the land grants of the days of Cadwallader Colden, of the hostilities of Governor Clinton, or of any difficulties that the Green Mountain Boys may have had with the New York State officials.

New York has so many lakes, and some of them so much greater than Lake Champlain, that perhaps we people of Vermont take a little more interest in Champlain than you do here in New York State, but this gathering here this evening surely is evidence that a goodly number of people in this State are interested in Lake Champlain.

When the Iroquois Indians named the lake "The Lake that is the Gate of the Country" they showed greater sense and greater discrimination in their choice of a name than some of our Anglo-Saxon forbears in the choice of geographical names which they made; because some of our names seem to lack somewhat in fitness, whereas some of the Indian names certainly were beautiful and proper, and this in particular, it seems to me, describes very fittingly Lake Champlain—"The Lake that is the Gate of the Country." From time immemorial the lake has stretched down from the Canadian border and furnished a broad highway long before there was any other highway; a highway

for war purposes, and in later days a highway for peace. It was a highway of which advantage was taken by our Colonial forefathers, a highway that was used in three different wars—the French and Indian War, the War of the Revolution, and the War of 1812; and in later years it has been a highway of commerce.

It may be that I shall use my text only as a point of departure rather than as a goal on which my eyes shall be fixed all the way through. It seems to me that the idea that the Lake is the Gate of the Country emphasized, perhaps, quite as well as anything else could do, the strategic importance which this body of water has held in American history for more than three centuries.

We were fortunate, indeed, in the choice of a discoverer. Samuel Champlain is one of the finest figures in American Colonial history. I suppose some day somebody may arise, who has delved deeply into historical matters, or into gossip, and may write something called "The Real Samuel de Champlain." It may be that the records will show some things that would indicate that he was no better than our public men today, and one of our chief national sports seems to be the criticism of the careers of our public men. I hope that our attention, now given so largely to the Volstead Act and to Excess Profits, may prevent that sort of thing from being done in the near future, because we would like to keep a few heroes who are not subject to the criticism that has been visited upon many of our own public men.

I want to ask a few questions in connection with Lake Champlain history that hitherto have been unanswered, or at least call your attention to some of these points, because some of the members of this Association may aid in solving some of these puzzles.

You may remember that some fifty or seventy-five years ago there were discovered in northern Vermont—I think it was near the boundary line between the towns of Swanton and Highgate—some Indian mounds or graves, and the relics found in those mounds indicated a higher degree of civilization than was possessed by any of the Indians with whom our ancestors were familiar. Certain implements and musical instruments were found the like of which none of the Indians in the time of our own ancestors had seen or knew anything about. Now, the question arises what tribe of Indians lived there at

that time, and how many centuries had elapsed between their passing and the coming of white men to inhabit that region of northern Vermont and southern Canada.

In 1827 there was discovered, in the town of Irasburg, an ancient shirt of mail, somewhat corroded, rolled up and hidden away between the roots of a great birch tree. How did that shirt of mail come there? Is it possible that some explorer came into what is now the State of Vermont before Samuel de Champlain discovered the Lake and the region adjacent to it? That is a mystery which never yet has been solved so far as I know.

The records show that Samuel de Champlain entered the lake which bears his name on the fourth day of July, 1609, a day of good omen, and further that his battle with the Indians was fought on the 30th of July. There never has been any satisfactory explanation of the length of time that elapsed between his entrance into the Lake and the date of the battle. We know that he entered the enemy's country and had to travel carefully, some of the time by night, but it is not an easy matter to account for the greater part of a month. It did not take that length of time surely to go from the northern end of the Lake to the southern extremity. The Indians usually had three or four stopping points along the Lake. Under ordinary circumstances it would take only a few days to cover that distance.

It is interesting to speculate, but perhaps idle to do so, as to how he passed his time and why it was necessary to take so long for his journey.

Where did the battle occur which Champlain fought with the Iroquois Indians? Some people say at Ticonderoga and some at Crown Point. Was it fought there or at some other place? My own belief is that it was fought at Ticonderoga, because the conditions described by Champlain seem to fit that region better than any other; but other men think it was at Crown Point. Champlain describes in his Journals snow-clad mountain peaks on the eastern side of the Lake. It must be remembered that Champlain came into the Lake in the month of July. Certainly, under normal conditions, there would be no snow on the summits of Mount Mansfield or any of the peaks of the Green Mountains in July. Were conditions different then than

conditions that prevail now, or was Champlain mistaken in what he saw, or did he seek to embellish his tale in order to make it read well?

Did Champlain ever set foot on what is now the State of Vermont? So far as I can find in the records, nothing is said about it. Perhaps he was partial to the State of New York. Did he land on Isle La Motte? There is no record to indicate it so we can say beyond question that he did.

I would like to call your attention briefly to a few of the important events that have happened on Lake Champlain and in its vicinity, as though you were looking at pictures thrown on the screen, in order that we may have a summary of some of these important events.

The first picture, after the discovery of the Lake by Champlain, probably would be the Jesuit Fathers coming south along the Lake, or north, as the case might be, endeavoring to convert the Indians. They were heroic figures, men who suffered very greatly in order to carry the Christian faith to the Indians.

A French outpost was established at Isle La Motte in 1666 to protect the settlers in the St. Lawrence Valley from the Iroquois Indians, who had been hostile following Champlain's battle with them.

I should say in passing, before we leave the subject of Isle La Motte, that the first confirmation ever given by a Catholic Bishop in the United States of America was given about 1666 or 1667 at Isle La Motte.

The English settlers, in order to protect the region of the Connecticut valley, established a post known as Fort Dummer, which was then considered part of the colony of Massachusetts. There followed back and forth, north and south, raids from the Indians and from the French in Canada, and then counter-attacks or raids from the English in Massachusetts. The burning of Deerfield was followed by the taking of prisoners up the Connecticut valley over the pass of the Green Mountains, down the Winooski River to Lake Champlain, and so north into Canada.

There is an interesting little incident that Rev. Mr. Williams tells of his journey on that occasion, that the Indians stopped at the mouth of the Missisquoi River for a great feast of ducks, and for all the years

that have followed since then the wild ducks have congregated at the mouth of the Missisquoi and some of the other rivers that flow into the Lake Champlain.

There was an Indian named Gray Lock, after whom Gray Lock Mountain was named, who had a castle at the mouth of the Missisquoi River. He lived to be a very old man and he conducted raids from the mouth of the Missisquoi River on English settlers.

We are quite likely to forget, I think, that for a century and a half Lake Champlain was a French lake; that the French held possession from the time Champlain discovered the lake until the close of the French and Indian War, in 1760. The French attempted to make settlements along the shores of Lake Champlain. They laid out lordly seigniories, granted them to the officers of the army, and attempted to get settlers from France to dwell upon them, offering them various allurements and inducements to persuade settlers to come and settle on the shores of the Lake. The French, however, were not successful colonists, certainly not at that period, and they were unable to get settlers to come into that region.

There followed the building of Forts St. Frederic and Carillon on the site of what now are known as Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and they were French outposts that guarded Lake Champlain. The story of the Colonial period would be very inadequately told if it did not mention the part which Lake Champlain played in that contest. The battles that followed were battles of unusual importance. You remember how Lord Howe died in that region, and you recall the battle between Abercrombie and Montcalm. In this region were trained some of the great leaders of the American Revolution, men like Putnam and Stark, who had their first military training in the region around that Lake; and many of the men who were brave soldiers during the War of the Revolution got their first taste of warfare around Lakes George and Champlain.

After the English drove the French out, about 1759 or 1760, they built a great fort at Crown Point, a fort of massive blocks of masonry, very imposing in its appearance, a fort which never saw a battle; and they built a military road from Crown Point over the Green Mountains to Number Four in the Connecticut Valley at Charlestown, N. H.

That road for many years was used by the settlers and was a very important feature in the settlement of that part of New England.

After the French and Indian War ended, there came the first great migration from southern New England into the region around Lake Champlain, because that was the first region in which our New England pioneers attempted to settle, the region in what is now Vermont and a part of that on the western shore of Lake Champlain in the State of New York.

I shall not attempt to go at any length into the story of the Revolutionary War or try to throw upon the screen pictures of the stirring days of the American Revolution, except to refer very briefly to two or three of the most important events.

The capture of Ticonderoga was, of course, the first aggressive act of the American Revolution. It is interesting to note that it was captured on the very day that the first Continental Congress met, a fact which was received with some embarrassment by the Congressmen, because they did not know what to do with the fort after it was captured, and the question was raised whether they should return it to Great Britain, or what they should do with it. Thus it happened that it was not altogether joyful news that came to Philadelphia concerning the capture of that fort.

There followed a period of contest between Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold as to the control of the American forces in the valley of Lake Champlain and it was not easily or quickly settled. You may remember that Colonel, afterwards General, Knox took the cannon captured at Ticonderoga and conveyed them across country to Boston, and that they were used very successfully in the siege of Boston in the early period of the American Revolution. There is a little picture that one may throw upon the screen in connection with the journey of General Knox, which, perhaps, we do not always remember, and that is that he took with him on that journey a captured British officer named John Andre, who shared not only his quarters but his bed on that trip from Lake Champlain to Boston. The subsequent history of John Andre is familiar to those of us who know American history.

Ethan Allen was strongly of the opinion, following the capture of Ticonderoga, that an attack should be made upon Canada. It was

looked upon as a visionary scheme, but subsequent events have shown that Ethan Allen was right. If an attempt had been made to capture Canada, it might in all probability have been taken, because the British forces were not powerful at all in Canada at that time, and the French and Indian population were quite inclined to side with the American cause. It may be that when the British came in larger numbers they might have retaken Canada anyway.

A few months later, Schuyler and Montgomery did assemble an army and did move into Canada, capturing some cities in that province. We are inclined to think of Allen's attempt to capture Montreal as a rash attempt of a vain, glorious man, but I think history has hardly dealt fairly with Ethan Allen in that respect. In the first place, the proposal to capture Montreal was made by an officer named Brown. Brown and Allen were to take the city jointly, and the people were in such panic that there is little doubt but that Montreal would have been captured, if Brown had kept his part of the contract, but Brown did not attack and Allen did. It was discovered by the British officers that Allen had a very small force, and consequently Allen and his men were taken prisoners and he was sent to Europe in chains. If Allen had had the support that he had reason to expect, then history might have applied to him an entirely different set of adjectives than those that have been used.

In the series of pictures that I would like to show there would follow after this attempt of Allen to capture Montreal, a trip made in an open boat by Benjamin Franklin, Charles Carroll, and some other distinguished Americans who went into Canada to investigate the condition of the American army. Franklin at that time was by no means a young man, and a journey of that kind must have been a serious hardship for him.

The retreat from Canada is a story that is not pleasant to tell. It is a pitiful story of an army beaten and decimated by disease, a story of an army that promised better things than it was able to fulfil.

In the records that are found in the archives of the Government, you may find the material for a very interesting historical article, and that is Washington's attitude toward Crown Point. General Schuyler after the Canadian retreat ordered the evacuation of Crown Point. General Washington was very strenuously opposed to the abandon-

ment of that post. He did not care to go far enough to forbid its evacuation, but the records of the period are full of his letters protesting strongly against giving up what he considered a post of great natural strength. And after the Revolutionary War was over, Washington and some of his officers came up to Ticonderoga and Crown Point and visited those forts at a time when they were waiting for the signing of the treaty of peace with Great Britain.

One of the most stirring stories of the Revolutionary days on Lake Champlain is that of Arnold's naval battle of 1776, the first important naval engagement of the American Revolution. It really was a wonderful thing that Arnold did with a fleet very poorly equipped, his ships being much inferior to those of the enemy, and he fought a brave but losing battle, training many of the guns with his own hands. And when night came it was expected by the British officers that they would be able to capture the entire fleet the next day. But under cover of darkness, and in a fog, Benedict Arnold with wonderful skill was able to take his ships stealthily out of the pocket in which they had been placed, and had it not been for the necessity of stopping to repair some of the waterlogged craft he might have found safety under the guns of Crown Point. As it was, the British overtook him and a running fight followed. Arnold took some of his ships, which were smaller than the British craft, up a little creek on the Vermont shore of Lake Champlain, abandoned and set fire to them with their colors still flying and with his crew went overland to Crown Point.

I have often thought that it would have been a great mercy if a British bullet had ended Benedict Arnold's career when he fought so gallantly in that battle. Captain Mahan gives him unstinted praise for delaying the British attack from Canada for a year.

After this period of Arnold's naval battle, came Burgoyne's invasion with trained troops from Europe. With great pomp and with music and banners he came sailing over Lake Champlain. You remember, of course, how he captured Ticonderoga, and of the various episodes that were connected with that invasion; how a part of the American army retreated to Whitehall by water and the rest fled overland to Hubbardton and Castleton.

An interesting incident in connection with the Hubbardton affair is that although the American army was beaten, the British army did not feel safe. Rumors had spread abroad that the Americans were rallying and were going to come back to attack them. The British did not feel comfortable in the dense forest where they were encamped, and soon after the close of the battle they started back toward Ticonderoga. If one could have been in an airship overlooking that region, he might have seen fleeing in one direction the American soldiers and in another direction the British seeking the protection of the guns of Ticonderoga.

Ira Allen in many respects was a greater man than his brother Ethan, who, perhaps, is better known, and it was due to his negotiations, known as the Haldimand negotiations, from the name of the Governor-General of Canada, that one-third of the British army, the part in Canada, was kept idle over a considerable period toward the close of the American Revolution.

Vermont was in a precarious condition. She had no troops, no money, and no equipment. It was necessary in order to protect the inhabitants for the leaders of the new State of Vermont to convey to the British the idea that possibly Vermont might reunite with Canada, and Ira Allen very skillfully conducted a series of negotiations in the valley of Lake Champlain with the British officers which they did not dare to bring to an end because they were always hoping that something might come of it. It is needless to say that he never had an idea of being disloyal to the American cause, but it was necessary not only to protect Vermont but northern New York from invasion to resort to some such subterfuge, and it was carried out with very great success.

After the close of the American Revolution there came a second and greater migration of settlers which transformed all this region in the Champlain Valley within the space of a few years from a wilderness into a settled region of prosperous farms and villages.

Later there came a period of trade with Canada which was very profitable for the people of northern New York and Vermont. Among those people who came into the Champlain Valley, perhaps some of the first of the great men who came into the region, were two men who are distinguished in American history—Thomas Jefferson and

James Madison. It is interesting to note Jefferson's scientific trend of thought, because he tells of the fauna and flora of this region and gives an interesting account of his visit. Madison and Jefferson visited Bennington and stayed over Sunday in that village. The people were favorably impressed by the visit of these famous men because they stayed over Sunday and went to church, and they thought it was a very good example to cite to the people of the new State. But Jefferson writes in his letters that the reason they stayed was on account of a Vermont law which did not permit travelling on Sunday, so that they were somewhat under the necessity of staying there, and as they had to remain there they might as well go to church as do anything else.

The next visitor of national or international importance to come into the Champlain Valley was the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, who travelled across from Plattsburg to Burlington and went on to Boston.

I ought at least to allude to Ira Allen's scheme for building a canal from Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence River. It may not be altogether a safe question to discuss in New York. I have understood that New York did not look with any great favor upon canal projects and so I will pass this matter over quickly.

The first steamer "Vermont" was built in 1808 at or near Burlington. This was the second successful steamboat built in the world. This was a year after the "Clermont" was first operated on the Hudson River. The "Vermont" was twenty feet longer and eight feet wider than Fulton's craft. I suppose there has been a steamer "Vermont" on Lake Champlain most of the time ever since.

The period of the War of 1812 was one of great activity in the Champlain Valley, as you know very well. You remember the circumstances of the building of Macdonough's fleet and how his flagship was built within forty days after the timber for it was cut. We cannot build ships quite as rapidly now. The Embargo period preceding the War of 1812 saw a period of smuggling that was greater even than the period of rum-running with which we are more or less familiar at the present time, although that may seem impossible to some of you, but it is a story that is not altogether pleasant to tell. The operations were carried on on a very large scale, and apparently

were very successful. Boston merchants—of course, New York merchants did not do so—got a considerable amount of goods from Great Britain and brought them down through Canada, through Lake Champlain to Boston. In fact, there is a place at the base of Mount Mansfield that is called the Smugglers' Notch which got its name because of that.

The opening of the Champlain Canal in 1823 was an event of very great importance to the people of the Champlain Valley, and it turned the current of trade, which hitherto had gone to Montreal, toward the City of New York. There was a boat called the "Gleaner," which was the first to go through the canal, and exercises were held in honor of the opening of the waterway at Troy, Albany, Poughkeepsie, and New York City.

On the Canadian border there was built some years after the War of 1812 a fort which was found to have been erected partly in Canada. That was an embarrassing condition of affairs, and it was necessary to get a change in the boundary line to bring the fort into the United States. It was long known as Fort Blunder.

The St. Albans raid is an event that should be included in the history of the Champlain Valley.

Just a word about a few of the distinguished people who have visited Lake Champlain. Such a list would include President Monroe, who came in 1817 and travelled from Plattsburg to Whitehall. A few years thereafter the body of General Montgomery, who was killed in the City of Quebec in the beginning of the Revolutionary War, was brought through the Lake on a steamer decorated with black, and with suitable exercises was carried south for burial.

General Lafayette came through that region in 1825, coming directly from Boston, where Webster made one of his most famous speeches in welcoming Lafayette, and he embarked at Burlington, going south on the Lake.

Henry Clay visited and came by way of the Lake at one time to get a degree from the University of Vermont. A story is told of a rather quaint character named Lewis Higbee, who lived nearby, a person not famous for sobriety, but whose patriotism was very strong, who aided in welcoming Henry Clay. Higbee was standing on a pile of barrels, so that his footing was uncertain, and in his enthusiasm

to welcome the visitor he lost his balance and would have fallen into the water if Mr. Clay had not reached out his hand and saved him. The man exclaimed: "Henry Clay, you have saved your country twice and Lewis Higbee once."

Charles Dickens did not always have complimentary things to say about the United States on his travels through this country, but he had nothing but praise for the Lake Champlain and the steamers on the lake.

When John Brown's body was taken to the Adirondack region for burial, it was taken across Lake Champlain and was accompanied by Wendell Phillips, who made a speech at Vergennes after the return from the funeral. President Grant came through Lake Champlain in 1872, and in 1891 President Harrison took a trip on the lake.

You remember that President McKinley in 1897 spent his vacation at Plattsburgh and visited various places on Lake Champlain.

I think many of us remember the incident of Vice-President Roosevelt coming to Lake Champlain in 1901. I remember it rather distinctly because I was a newspaperman at that time and it was my business to report that event. I remember that Colonel Roosevelt was in a happy mood that day and enjoyed himself, as he did on those occasions. He retired to the house of Lieutenant-Governor Fisk for a rest, and later was to address a crowd in front of the Fisk mansion. Time seemed very long between his retirement and his coming out, and the crowd wondered why Colonel Roosevelt did not appear. After a long period of waiting I remember very distinctly how Senator Proctor came out, his tall form reminding one somewhat of Abraham Lincoln, and in a voice that was broken and trembling with emotion he announced the shooting of President McKinley at Buffalo. That was an historic occasion surely, and there seemed to go up a moan of sorrow and horror from the crowd assembled on that occasion. On no other occasion have I heard a sound like that go up from an audience. Senator Proctor took charge of Colonel Roosevelt as a father might care for a son, looked after his welfare and shielded him from any interruption or unpleasant episode, and when he arrived at Burlington he was sent on his way to Buffalo. That event should be recorded in any history of events in the Valley of Lake Champlain.

The Tercentary Celebration of 1909 was one of the remarkable episodes in the history of the lake and so was the establishment of the Plattsburg camps.

I ought not to close this little picture of scenes on Lake Champlain and of men connected with it, without alluding to E. B. Rockwell, Captain of the steamboat "Vermont" and the oldest Captain in the United States, a man at 92 years of age who is able to guide his ship, a man who has been active on Lake Champlain for a period of 82 years, and who for 66 years has held a pilot's license. One will go far to find a record to equal that.

I have attempted very briefly to summon before you some of the important events that have taken place in the valley of Lake Champlain, to show you briefly this procession of Indians and black-gowned priests, warriors and men of peace; to tell you something about some of the famous men, generals, and statesmen who have passed through Lake Champlain. It is an interesting story to me, and I trust it is to you, this pageant that for three hundred years, and more, has marched through the valley of Lake Champlain. This valley surely is the gateway of the country. It is likely to be a gateway for aircraft as they sail through from north to south. More than that, it is the gate beautiful of the country, because if there is a stage on which important events have transpired more beautiful than any other, it seems to me that it is the valley of Lake Champlain. Truly one will go far to find a region more beautiful than that of Lake Champlain, lying, as it does, between the Green and the Adirondack Mountains.

You are to be congratulated for helping to keep alive the historic memories of this beautiful valley. It is well that you busy men of affairs are willing to come together at least once a year in order to recount some of these things, to keep fresh in your minds the notable events that have transpired in that valley, to remember the beauties of the region and to seek to perpetuate them as a part, and an important part, of the history of this country.

THE TOASTMASTER

Our next speaker hails from New York State. I believe he has had many residences. If I am not right he will correct me presently, and finally he has picked out the Champlain Valley and the Town

of Essex as one of the finest places in the country in which to live permanently. He has been honored by being elected President of the Lake Champlain Historical Pageant Review. It seems to me that there is a good deal of similarity between our name and the name of this new association.

It makes me think of a story. It seemed that two farmers met at a fair after many years of separation, and they were telling each other of what had transpired in the meantime, and Mike said, "Well, Pat, I got married since I saw you." "Yes?" says Pat. And Mike says, "I have a fine healthy boy and all the neighbors do say that he is the exact picture of me." And Pat looked at him a while and said, "Oh, well, what is the harm so long as he is healthy."

HON. JAMES S. HARLAN

Ladies and Gentlemen: Although I had exchanged one or two letters with your President before coming to New York for this occasion, I had the pleasure of meeting him for the first time only a few minutes ago, when he welcomed me as I entered this banquet hall. Apparently he is experienced and skilful in saying agreeable things. However that may be, all the men here will agree that he was more than justified in the graceful sentiment he has just expressed in relation to that particular part of the assemblage before us that lends to this gathering so much charm and gayety. And I am led by the same feeling to venture to say for myself, that while my heart and my life have been very much involved in the Valley of Lake Champlain for more than twenty-five years, I have never thought more of it or been more proud of it than I am here tonight.

Mr. President: In the first place I wish to express my appreciation of the opportunity that has recently come to me of becoming a member of this Association, and then to thank the Association, in behalf of my colleagues in this great movement for next summer, for the privilege of saying something to you about it. In writing to me your President asked me to lay before you a brief outline of our plans. A few minutes ago he said that I need not confine myself entirely to the ceremonies planned for next summer, but could discuss other matters if I wished. For a moment the suggestion seemed innocent enough, and even somewhat alluring. But when a minute or

two later he gave me a whispered hint of one or two other topics of current interest that I might touch on if I cared to, I realized at once how near I had come to being led astray, and into the discussion of matters about which we all might not agree, and I saw that the only wise and prudent course for me to pursue was to confine myself strictly to the subject assigned me—the Lake Champlain Historical Pageant Review of next summer—about which I know we all shall agree.

One of the first problems that came before us was to determine geographically, What is the Valley of Lake Champlain? What are its limits? The inquiry provoked quite a discussion. Some of our learned men there gave one reason and another why the Valley did or did not include this place and that place. But finally we agreed that Nature had very superbly decided the whole question for us. And we just took the sky-line of the Green Mountains on the Vermont side and the sky-line of the Adirondacks on the New York side, and said to ourselves, "Here, in between, lies this wonderful valley—the Valley of the Champlain." We fixed no boundary on the north and we fixed no boundary toward the south. Perhaps it was a prospective member of our Finance Committee who suggested we should claim that the Champlain Valley extends even so far south as New York City!

We all agreed, however, that between the tops of these two mountain ranges is a region which Nature has made rarely beautiful, a region of national traditions, and where some of the very foundation-stones of the Republic were quarried, a land hallowed by glorious deeds of arms and adventure. Poets have sung of it. Men and women have written of it, until now the literature of the valley makes quite a library in itself. And this movement for turning the coming summer into a season of ceremonies and festivities throughout the Valley and on both sides of the lake was born of the feeling that the time has come to let the world share this wonderfully beautiful region with us, and for making the Champlain Valley one of the great playgrounds of America.

What are the plans for next summer? Many suggestions have been made and some of them have already been agreed upon. One thought that seems to appeal strongly to everyone is an old-fashioned home-coming week for every town and village in the valley. Sturdy

men and women have gone from this region into distant parts of the land to make careers and to seek fortunes for themselves, and to join in upbuilding other parts of the country. We want them all to "come back home" next summer.

The historians seem to agree that Burlington was first settled in the month of June; and next year will be the 150th anniversary of that important event. Naturally then our ceremonies will commence at Burlington. There has been no official announcement as yet of the preparations that are being made there for that occasion, and I will not venture therefore now to disclose the details that have come to me. But this much I may say, that great things will be doing at Burlington next June, and that the ceremonies and celebrations there, extending through some days, will be a credit to the whole Valley, and of such interest that all of us shall wish to attend and participate in them.

The season of festivities will close with two important ceremonies. One will be at Plattsburg in early September—the unveiling, as we hope, of the monument to be erected there by the Congress of the United States in honor of Commodore Macdonough. His victory over the British fleet before Plattsburg occurred in the month of September. This triumph by the Navy in the waters of Lake Champlain was almost as important as the battle of New Orleans in bringing final victory to us in that unhappy War of 1812. Mrs. Tuttle's volume relating to those splendid days in the history of our country informs us that the grateful citizens of Plattsburg gave Commodore Macdonough a banquet a few days after the battle and that, following a salute of guns from the victorious fleet in the harbor, the Commodore was accompanied from the landing-place on the shore through the streets of the town to the banquet hall by the Army and Navy of the United States with bands of music. It is said that he was then given a "naval dinner." Just what that may mean I do not know. It sounds a little wet in these dry times. But, however that may be, it must have been a glorious occasion. And it is well that we of this generation should remember and appropriately celebrate the anniversary of that great day of victory. The monument to be erected by the Congress to preserve through the ages to come the memory of our triumph will be an imposing stone shaft 150 feet in height in the park already provided for it at Plattsburg. It has been suggested also that Commo-

dore Macdonough's great fight may be further celebrated by another banquet at Plattsburg—to the Navy of the United States, with an Admiral to lead a march again from the shore to the banquet hall, accompanied by martial strain of the Army and Navy bands and the roar of guns to remind us again of the great deeds of our forefathers.

Then, too, it will be a full century, in September of next year, if I remember correctly, since the Champlain and Erie canals were opened. In that month, I think it was in 1823, a small vessel, built and owned at St. Albans, on the Vermont side, set sail down the lake with a load of wheat. Curiously enough, after entering the canal, it was delayed a few days at Watervliet, "until the canal might be completed," as I understand from Mr. Crockett's history. It then proceeded to Troy, Albany, and to this city of New York, being received at each point with music, artillery salutes, speeches, and other ceremonies.

And so, as we see, big things of national importance were done on this side—the New York side—by the big men of a hundred years ago, that we of this generation must not overlook or fail to mark by appropriate ceremonies. The bigness of those times and of the men of that day was no less notable on the Vermont side. Indeed, there is scarcely a town or village on either side of the Lake but that has some event in its history of which it may justly be proud, and which it should celebrate by pageant or otherwise for its young people of this generation. Mr. Crockett has referred to Benjamin Franklin's trip through the Lake in connection with our negotiations with Great Britain. In my little village of Essex he stopped overnight on that trip. That is our understanding. Well! We feel rather proud of that! And we are saying things about it at Essex! But in the years to come we are going to try to make such a stopping-place of Essex that those who are interested in the life of Benjamin Franklin will count it a point in his favor to have stopped there overnight!

Now, a word or two as to the ceremonies of a general nature not connected with any particular town or village. There is an army post at Plattsburg that has played a notable part in the country's emergencies during recent years. Then on the Vermont side is Fort Ethan Allen, the very name of which awakens in our memories great deeds of the long ago. There is every reason to believe that the troops of

both these military reservations will cooperate in our plans of next year. We have hope also that the Navy may be able to get some of its smaller vessels through the locks of the canal to take part in our ceremonies through the summer.

Many suggestions have been made and are under consideration for the coming summer. Some are in process of being carried out. But it must not be supposed that our efforts will end with the ceremonies of next year. On the contrary, to give the effort permanency the whole movement is being incorporated under the name of the Lake Champlain Historical Review. One of the declared objects of the corporation is to gather and preserve historical records and archives and to identify and properly mark historic places, and to celebrate with appropriate ceremonies the anniversaries of historic events in the Valley of Lake Champlain. Where a battle was fought or a skirmish took place we hope in time to mark the spot with a permanent tablet.

Mr. President, there is enough to do and it must be done. But I have given you only the briefest outline of what we have in mind and hope to be able to carry out next summer.

Now, I am here as the guest of this Association and I am not going to take advantage of the opportunity to do any begging. The Common Council of Burlington has already made an appropriation. It is hoped that the State of New York will extend financial aid to us in some form. Perhaps Vermont will follow its example. If the Army and Navy join in our celebrations the Government will bear that expense. After all, therefore, we shall probably not require great financial help from other sources. Nevertheless, there is one thought I have been asked to lodge with this Association:

We are going to have all the out-of-doors events next year that can be arranged for—motor-boat races, canoe races, swimming contests, and perhaps the Army and Navy, besides participating in our festivities on land and water, may do things in the air for us with planes and balloons, and wonderful things of that kind. But of all forms of sport, perhaps the most dramatic and interesting are those that occur on water, and of these motor-boat races are most spectacular. Lake Champlain is the logical and natural place for all these national water sports and events, not only for next summer but for the years to come. But to bring this about, someone must offer suit-

able prizes for such events. Substantial prizes—prizes worth fighting for—will bring out-of-door and water sports of all kinds to Lake Champlain. I said, Mr. President, that I was not here to beg, and I shall not say another word on that question. I simply lodge the thought, as I was asked by my colleagues in this movement of next summer to do, with this Association which is so closely identified with Lake Champlain and so deeply interested in its prosperity and future greatness.

THE TOASTMASTER

That is fine, Judge Harlan, and I think the Board of Governors of this Association will take your suggestions under consideration. I told you it was a mighty healthy infant, and if we do not look out the infant will run away with the parent. We had better be up and going.

Our last speaker needs no introduction from me. He is known throughout the length and breadth of this land and many other lands. Unfortunately he is a citizen of a neighboring State, New Jersey, but he gets away from that State as soon as his duties to Princeton allow him, and he packs up his fishing pail and traps and he hies him here and there, and many times has he been in the Adirondacks, where he has fished in those "Little Rivers," and where at night he has come home with the proverbial "Fisherman's Luck."

I am reminded of another fisherman of national repute, who was a former President of our country—President Cleveland. Cleveland tells a story about a time when he went fishing with two friends of his, and one of them suggested that the man who caught the first fish was to treat the others. President Cleveland was telling the story to a friend and he said, "You know, those other two men both had fish on their hooks and I knew it and they would not pull them in." This man said, "Of course, you had to pay for the treat." "Oh, no," he said, "I did not bait my hook."

Dr. Van Dyke, we esteem it a great privilege that you are able to be with us tonight and we welcome you most heartily.

Mr. Toastmaster, the privilege is all on my side. Ladies and gentlemen, I felt at home from the moment I came in here and I was made to feel very much at home when Judge Harlan came so near to taking up a collection.

I have been much impressed by the two speeches to which I have listened treating of the Champlain Valley in no spirit of frivolity, but I may say in a spirit of serious earnestness, "It has another side." I have been on both sides of that valley. I have been on the Vermont side and I have been on the New York side. I cannot see very much difference between them. I do not know what those old boys used to fight about so hard in the old days. I have been at the University of Vermont. By the way, let me say that in its way it is one of the most distinguished universities in America, because it was through the University of Vermont that the enlightening and liberating philosophy of Coleridge was first brought into our American culture. The University of Vermont was a Coleridgean institution almost from the start, and if you know the history of English literature, as doubtless you do intimately and familiarly, and also the history of modern theology, you will realize that Coleridge is one of the most influential names, and America owes a great debt to the University of Vermont for making not only the name but the philosophy of Coleridge familiar in this country. The first complete edition of Coleridge's works was issued in America under the editorship of a Professor in the University of Vermont, W. J. T. Shedd, a very distinguished man and an admirable writer of English.

Starting in on this line I may say that the Champlain Valley has produced a number of writers, and that a good deal of literature of value has been produced in that valley, including the side mountain slopes. Of course, the most famous name perhaps of the men who wrote in that region is Robert Louis Stevenson. But there are others that might very easily be mentioned, and among them I wish to make note of the name of a Vermonter, Roland Robinson, who wrote some stories of that part of Vermont which borders on Lake Champlain which are among the best American stories of local color and character that have ever been produced. I do not hesitate in the least to

give that high praise. They are unknown. You will not find them mentioned in any of the columns of literary criticism today; but anyone who possesses Robinson's books and knows them, knows that they are of rich virgin-gold value.

As for history, we have had a very fine and clear example of the type of painstaking and accurate historical account which the Champlain Valley produces in Professor Crockett's speech. Champlain! There is music in the very name, especially if you leave out the letter "L".

July, 1609, that brave old scout first pushed up there, and the story of his fight, leading the Hurons and the Algonquins against the ferocious and cruel savages of the Iroquois is a wonderful story. I was touched by one point in particular. When they had won the fight, the Hurons against the Iroquois, they proceeded to make a number of prisoners and to scalp them; and Champlain was filled with horror at the sight and begged permission, if they would stop the torturing, to put the people out of their misery, which he did with his gun.

It is a good thing to carry a good name, the name of a strong, broad, straight, honest, fighting man, and I hope some day the time will come when Champlain will have a fuller amount of justice done to his character and to his work than has in fact been done. In fact, the whole Champlain Valley might very well be put into literature more thoroughly, and I wish some of these old families that have inhabited the valley, the Hands and Hales and others, would turn their thoughts to that, and instead of devoting all their talents to the mysterious science of the law, would give some of it to literature.

I discovered the Lake Champlain Valley in 1866, when I was not such a very tiny little boy, but when I was fourteen years of age, and came out from a camping trip with my father from the Adirondacks. We stopped in the lovely little village of Elizabethtown, which was our summer home for ten years after that.

It is a place that is photographed on my mind. I have never seen landscape that is more satisfying. Not only in the matter of scenery is it wonderful and beautiful, and air, splendid air, but in its products, its natural products, it is wonderful. I do not think the New York side, at least along that part, is as rich agriculturally as the Vermont

side; but still the whole valley has the power of producing fine horses and fine people. After all, those are the best products, aren't they? Where in this country, where in this world, will you find such horses as the Morgans and the Blackhawks? I do not know whether this generation now, with their gas machines, have forgotten about the Morgans and Blackhawks, but I have not forgotten about them. They are noble breeds, splendid.

I once brought down from Champlain Valley a little pair of Morgans that for ten years were the joy of my heart. One of them was named White Face and the other named Hurricane—after two Champlain Valley mountains. They were good horses and I drove them until the automobile drove them out because they had an aversion to going where the automobile puts all the horses—into the ditch. They wouldn't do it.

And, then, what nice people! Take those families I have named. Elizabethtown is a little bit of a hamlet, and what people they were, what fine people were the Witherbees at Crown Point, and all through the place you will find fine people. I remember the first guide we had, old Sam Dunning, a man like Judge Harlan in size, one of those babies. Well, old Sam was a regular woolen-stocking philosopher. He had a pretty good idea of himself, too. I remember when we first went in on this trip, we asked him how he fitted out for us that night to sleep and he said, "I have my tent along." We said, "One?" He said, "Well, I have a small tent for me and the other guide, but I guess you City folks can sleep in my tent." There were three of us. I said, "How many will your tent hold?" He said, "Oh, my tent will hold six easy, but it is only big enough for one Boston man."

Sam had a great way of hanging around when we were having conversations on philosophic subjects. I remember on one occasion, just for a joke, Dr. Romeyn of Keeseville was one of the party, a fine old sport, a splendid fellow, and my father was there, and someone else, I forget who he was, and I was there as a youngster, and we brought in many Latin words as we could, like *Ne Plus Ultra* and *E Pluribus Unum*, and Sam listened, and he got off the track, and he could not follow, and finally after it was all over he said to me, "Say, Hank, what was all you fellows talking about. You know, us

illegitimate chaps, we can't understand what you were all talking about."

There was old Father Burrows, who was the Congregational minister of Elizabethtown, and he had a congregation of about thirty or forty, and there was just one male member of this church, and that was all, only one, and Pa Burrows was just as careful about preaching to him as if there was a thousand. I remember he was great on preaching on the subject of what he called "E-e-e-eternity." He always used to wear a swallow-tailed coat and a yellow vest, and when he said, "E-e-e-eternity, my bretheran——"

He also had a nice white horse that he used to drive; and he would give me a lift of four or five miles on my way to fish what were then lovely trout brooks. Oh, what charming rivers there are in the Champlain Valley! I sincerely hope that they may not all be defiled by the refuse from factories and ruined and turned into sewers and gutters. If the Lake Champlain Association wants something good and useful to do, make a campaign against those fellows who defile the streams of one of the most beautiful regions of our country. Shut them up. They do not do it for necessity, and they do not do it for any reason except for sheer greed, because they want to save a few dollars in their processes, and they could just as well dump their refuse elsewhere and keep the streams clear and lovely.

Why is it that in England they have clear water in their rivers? Because they will not let the people defile them the way ours do. The Americans are God's people, but they are the most wasteful set of asses on the face of creation. Pardon me if I speak strongly.

We used to have a good time up there. There were a lot of us boys and girls. I do not think there was anything we would stop short at. I remember going over one night, a crowd of us, starting over from Elizabethtown and walking over to Keene Valley after midnight. We were young collegians and there was a certain man in Keene Valley who was keeping a boarding-house. I think most of the inhabitants kept boarding-houses. He had not a very good reputation around the country and we made up our mind to give him a little fun. We knocked at the door; it was then about three G. M. There was no answer. We knocked more loudly and we heard the

voice say, "Who is there? What do you want?" We said, "We want to get in. Come down and open the door." He came down to welcome us, in a few proper words and garments, garments consisting simply of one shirt, and we said to him, "There is one of our number that is very sick and we have been walking through the valley, and there is one of our men lying on a pile of lumber." He was terrified and he had to come out. By that time one of our number felt better. Then we said, "We came over to the valley to look for a boarding-house." He said he has the best boarding-house there. We made him take us in the house and he showed us all through the rooms, and when we got through we said, "We cannot make up our minds tonight but we will come back tomorrow and tell you about it." We marched off with loud shouts of derision down the road.

I sincerely hope that there are no reporters present and that these reminiscences of my early and not too tender youth will not become public.

I used to compose light poetry when I was up there in the Adirondacks. I remember one poem I composed and it ran this way:

You may go to Keene by Edmonds' Ponds
Or drive around by Jay,
But whichever road you take, you'll wish
You had chosen the other way.

For if you go by Jay,
You'll be buried alive in dust;
But if you go by Edmonds' Ponds,
You'll be shaken to death and bust.

That is now inscribed upon a hotel register somewhere up in that region if the hotel has not now been burned up.

There was another poem I remember that was current at that time. It came from the Vermont side. This was, I suppose, at the period when Iowa and Kansas and Nebraska were regarded as Far West. The poem ran thus:

"Great western waste of prairie land,
Flat as a pancake, rich as grease,
Where frogs abound on every hand,
And 'skeeters grow as large as geese;
I'd rather live on Camel's Hump,
And be a Yankee Doodle beggar,
Than dwell where you never see a stump,
And shake to death with fever and ag'er."

That is what I call patriotism. That is what I call the *Genius Loci*.

After all, isn't it great to know and love some particular region of this big country of ours? I think one thing that we Americans fall short in, as compared with our English and Scotch brethren, is that lack of the sense of the soil, that feeling of attachment to a place. And what more beautiful place could one be attached to, either by birth or by the reminiscences of childhood and youth, or by the memories of sweet days of recreation in God's open air, than the Champlain Valley, lying embosomed as it does in the embrace of these two lovely mountain chains, the Green Mountains and the Adirondacks, that lovely broad valley with the glittering lake in the center and the currents of air playing northward or southward through that natural gateway, one of the avenues by which the birds, those most alive of living things, pass to and fro on their long migration; those silver streams with their inhabitants, and those forests sweeping up the mountain side to the summit which is so often bare, and with white rock looking almost like snow—what lovelier place could there be to strike the roots of memory? Oh, thank God for the Champlain Valley.

THE TOASTMASTER

If you feel as I do I will ask you to join with me in giving our guests a rousing vote of thanks for the wonderful entertainment that they have afforded us. All in favor of such a motion say Aye.

(Everybody: "Aye.")

There is only one thing left for me to do and that is to turn the Presidency of this Association over to the newly elected President, Mr. John B. Burnham. I bid you all good night.

In Memoriam

JULIUS HUBBELL SEYMOUR

WHEREAS, It has pleased God to take to Himself our beloved friend, Julius Hubbell Seymour, a former President and Governor of the Lake Champlain Association, and one of its most active members; and,

WHEREAS, We, the Board of Governors of the Association, deeply feel the loss of our valued and loyal friend and fellow Governor, we spread the following resolution upon the records of our Association:

JULIUS HUBBELL SEYMOUR was born at St. Albans, Vermont, on October 30, 1855. He prepared for college at Phillips Academy at Andover, Massachusetts, and received the degree of A. B. from Williams College in 1879. He took his law course at Columbia Law School, from which he received the degree of LL. B. (*cum laude*) in 1882. He immediately entered the practice of the law in New York City and was actively engaged in his profession up to the time of his death. He died at his home in Stamford, Connecticut, on July 11, 1922.

In addition to his professional activities, Mr. Seymour was prominent in the political, business and social life of the city. He was a member of the New York State Assembly, representing the Nineteenth Assembly District, on the West Side of Manhattan, in 1901 and 1902. He was President of the West Side Republican Club and took active part in the political life of the Union League. He was a Trustee of the Hahnemann Hospital, a Veteran of the Seventh Regiment, Governor of the Camp Fire Club of America, and actively connected with other clubs and civic and religious organizations.

Mr. Seymour resided at Stamford, Connecticut, during his later years but maintained a beautiful summer home on the shores of Lake Champlain at Isle La Motte, where he spent many months each year. He loved the outdoor life and was especially devoted to the beautiful lake and valley where he had spent his boyhood. He became one of the early Governors of the Lake Champlain Association and later was its President, and was untiring in his loyalty to the Association and to the interests of the Champlain Valley.

Kindly, sympathetic, generous, cheerful, enthusiastic, friendly, and open-hearted, a prince of good-fellowship, he endeared himself to us all. He has left a vacant chair which none other can fill, and we shall remember him with affection and tenderness.

With sadness and regret, and with memories that we shall always cherish, we spread this tribute upon our minutes in memory of our old friend and fellow-governor, Julius H. Seymour.

WALTER CRAFTS WITHERBEE

WHEREAS, In the death of Walter Crafts Witherbee, a Vice-President of the Lake Champlain Association, at his home at Port Henry, New York, on September 28, 1922, the Association has suffered a great loss, a minute of which it desires to spread upon the records through its Board of Governors.

Mr. Witherbee was one of the most prominent business men in northern New York and one of the powers in Republican politics.

He was a man of generous tendencies and a philanthropist, deeply interested in the betterment of the neighborhood where he lived, and always ready to give both his time and money to any worthy cause.

He was Treasurer of the Champlain Tercentary Commission, and in this connection was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor by the French Government.

His list of clubs and offices in various organizations would fill a newspaper column. He was intensely patriotic, and during the war served in many capacities, being Chairman of the Essex County Home Defense Committee and acting in other appointments assigned him by the National and State Governments.

The firm of Witherbee, Sherman & Company, of which Mr. Witherbee was a member, had for a long time owned the old French fort at Crown Point. Finding that the neighboring area was to be developed for private purposes, they purchased also the English fort, and in 1910 presented Forts Frederick and Amherst to the State of New York.

It was at this so-called Crown Point Reservation that the Lake Champlain Association held its summer outing in August. Mr. With-

erbee was to have been the host of the Association, but was too ill to take part in the outing.

His recreation was found chiefly in field sports and he was a well-known "big game" hunter.

NOW, THEREFORE, Be it

RESOLVED, That the Board of Governors hereby record their appreciation of Mr. Witherbee's sterling worth and the cooperation which he has always so loyally and whole-heartedly given to the affairs of this Association, and their sincere sorrow and feeling of great personal loss; and it is

FURTHER RESOLVED, That this minute be spread upon the records of the Board and printed in the next Year Book to be issued.

CHARLES EDMUND BUSH

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our beloved and esteemed friend, Charles Edmund Bush, in the fullness of years, on November 16, 1922; and,

WHEREAS, We, the Board of Governors of the Lake Champlain Association, deeply feel the loss of so good and loyal a member of the Board, we spread the following resolution upon the records of our Association:

The parents of Mr. Bush, Edson and Catherine Bush, settled in Shoreham, Vermont, where the son, Charles, was born on September 16, 1843. He received his early education at the Newton Academy, and entered the Norwich University in 1860. He gave up his college career to engage in the Civil War, and on June 19, 1862, he enlisted in Company B, Seventh Squadron, Rhode Island Cavalry, known as the "College Cavaliers." Shortly afterwards he was made Sergeant-Major, and remained in that position until mustered out of service.

At the age of 27 he became the cashier of a small bank at Orwell, Vermont. His industry and ability soon won him the position of the presidency. Later Mr. Bush left the banking business and became connected with the Ticonderoga Pulp and Paper Company at Ticonderoga, New York. He remained with that corporation until he retired from active business a few years ago. The company was in

financial straits when Mr. Bush took hold of it; its success was due to his ability and untiring efforts.

Mr. Bush was one of the organizers of this Association, and no one was more keenly interested than he in its welfare. We owe him a debt of gratitude. He was a good friend, never too busy to hear of one's troubles, and always willing to lend a helping hand; more willing to forgive than to criticize.

We preserve his memory and record in this resolution the expression of our great loss.

HONORARY MEMBERS

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF VERMONT

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

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McLAUGHLIN, HON. CHESTER B., Court of Appeals Hall, Albany, N. Y.
PAINE, A. G., JR.....200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City

MEMBERS

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ALLEN, SETH S.....Plattsburg, N. Y.
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AVERY, BRAINARD.....5 Nassau St., N. Y. City

BALDWIN, LEROY W.....120 Broadway, N. Y. City
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BENSON, TLLMAN C.....11 Cliff St., N. Y. City

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BOYLAN, JOHN P.....	508 Triangle Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.
BOYLE, PATRICK H.....	Essex, N. Y.
BROWN, HERBERT POMEROY.....	100 Broadway, N. Y. City
BROWN, W. L.....	87 Warren St., N. Y. City
BURNHAM, FRED A.....	54 West 96th St., N. Y. City
BURNHAM, JOHN B.....	233 Broadway, N. Y. City
BURROUGHS, JAS. DE F.....	Champlain, N. Y.
BUTTON, F. H.....	120 Broadway, N. Y. City
BUTTON, W. H.....	120 Broadway, N. Y. City
CARBERRY, JOHN D.....	1790 Broadway, N. Y. City
CARROLL, J. W.....	330 West 85th St., N. Y. City
CAVANAUGH, ALBERT,	
c/o State Realty & Mtg. Co.,	22 E. 41st St., N. Y. City.
CHAHOOH, I. H.....	Au Sable Forks, N. Y.
CHAPMAN, CHARLES.....	Ferrisburg, Vt.
CHASE, J. OSCOE.....	214 E. 53rd St., N. Y. City
CLARK, BYRON N.....	Y. M. C. A., Burlington, Vt.
CLARK, LOUIS C.....	51 Wall St., N. Y. City
CLARK, LeGRAND L.....	132 Nassau St., N. Y. City
CLEARY, WM. E.....	116 Broad St., N. Y. City
CLOUGH, CLARENCE A.....	200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City
COLE, GEO. M.....	Plattsburg, N. Y.
CONBOY, MARTIN.....	27 Pine St., N. Y. City
CONWAY, THOMAS F.....	49 Wall St., N. Y. City
COTTER, THOMAS B.....	4 Oak St., Plattsburg, N. Y.
CROMBIE, WILLIAM M.....	101 Park Ave., N. Y. City
CROOK, JOHN H.....	Champlain, N. Y.
CUNNINGHAM, CHARLES.....	Ft. Ticonderoga, N. Y.

DOOLITTLE, WALTER H.....	Champlain, N. Y.
DRAPER, C. A., N. Y., Ontario & Western R. R.,	
3720 Grand Central Terminal Bldg., N. Y. City	
DUDLEY, FRED W.....	Port Henry, N. Y.
EDDY, JESSE L.....	17 Battery Pl., N. Y. City
ELLENWOOD, ERNEST J....c/o Corbitt & Stern, 60 Wall St., N. Y. City	
ELLIS, GEORGE ADAMS.....	120 Broadway, N. Y. City
ELLIS, GEO. W.....	149 Broadway, N. Y. City
FAIRBANKS, DR. A. W.....	Chazy, N. Y.
FARRINGTON, FRED'K H.....	Brandon Vt.
FARRINGTON, F. R.....	258 Broadway, N. Y. City
FELLOWS, DR. HAYNES HAROLD..	27 Slater Place, Maplewood, N. J.
FERRIS, MORTIMER Y.....	Ticonderoga, N. Y.
FIELD, GEO. W.....	Scarsdale, N. Y.
FINCH, HENRY L.....	120 Broadway, N. Y. City
FINLEY, H. B.....	245 River St., Troy, N. Y.
FISKE, HARVEY N.....	52 E. 19th St., N. Y. City
FLETCHER, CAPT. WM. B.....	U. S. Naval College, Newport, R. I.
FOOTE, GEO. C.....	Port Henry, N. Y.
FOOTE, WILLIAM M.....	Plattsburg, N. Y.
FOSS, WILSON P.....	Nyack, N. Y.
FRANCIS, ARTHUR W.....	119 E. 56th St., New York City
FRANCIS, LEWIS W.....	2 Rector St., N. Y. City
FULTON, J. H.....	214 Broadway, N. Y. City
GALE, WM. A.....	Ticonderoga, N. Y.
GIFFORD, JAMES M.....	60 Broadway, N. Y. City
GILLESPIE, GEO. J.....	146 E. 62nd St., N. Y. City
GREENE, HON. FRANK L.....	St. Albans, Vt.
GRISWOLD, IRVING H.....	Plattsburg, N. Y.
GUIBORD, JOHN W.....	Plattsburg, N. Y.
GUIBORD, ROBERT H.....	Plattsburg, N. Y.
HADLEY, HOWARD D.....	U. S. Customs Office, Plattsburg, N. Y.
HALE, MATTHEW.....	15 State St., Boston, Mass.

HALPIN, FRANCIS.....	270 Broadway, N. Y. City
HAND, HON. AUGUSTUS N.....	233 Broadway, N. Y. City
HASTINGS, ARTHUR C.....	52 Vanderbilt Ave., N. Y. City
HATCH, BOYD.....	Port Henry, N. Y.
HATCH, COL. EDWARD, JR.....	621 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City
HATCH, LIVINGSTON.....	Willsboro, N. Y.
HATCH, VAN NOTE.....	621 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City
HATCH, W. B..c/o Tidewater Portland Cement Co.,	Baltimore, Md.
HAYDEN, HENRY W.....	68 William St., N. Y. City
HARLAN, JAMES S.....	Essex, N. Y.
HAYES, R. G.....	Whitehall, N. Y.
HAYNES, DR. IRVING S.....	107 West 85th St., N. Y. City
HICKOK, HENRY H.....	170 College St., Burlington, Vt.
HIGGINS, FRED A.....	772 St. Nicholas Ave., N. Y. City
HILL, HENRY WAYLAND.....	471 Linwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
HOGUE, HON. ARTHUR S.....	Plattsburg, N. Y.
HOWE, W. B.....	Burlington, Vt.
HOYT, EDWARD V.....	84 William St., N. Y. City
HOYT, WILLIAM H.....	15 William St., N. Y. City
HUBBELL, GEO. L.....	Garden City, N. Y.
HOES, WILLIAM MEYERS.....	319 West 77th St., N. Y. City
HITCHCOCK, H. C.....	84 Broad St., N. Y. City
JACQUES, W. B.....	Plattsburg, N. Y.
JEFFERS, W. W. D.....	Glens Falls, N. Y.
JORDAN, A. H. B.....	Everett, Wash.
KELLOGG, FREDERIC R.....	Morristown, N. J.
KELLOGG, GEORGE C.....	Plattsburg, N. Y.
KIDDER, H. E.....	Port Henry, N. Y.
KINGSLEY, DARWIN P.....	346 Broadway, N. Y. City
KINGSLEY, WALTON P.....	137 East 66th St., N. Y. City
KNAPP, H. WALLACE.....	Mooers, N. Y.
LAMBORN, HENRY J.....	855 West End Ave., N. Y. City
LEE, FRANCIS W.....	36 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.
LEWIS, DR. H. EDWIN.....	Scarboro-on-Hudson, N. Y.

LOOMIS, D. A.....	Burlington, Vt.
LOREE, J. T.....	Albany, N. Y.
LOREE, L. F.....	32 Nassau St., N. Y. City
LUKE, ADAM K.....	200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City
LUKE, DAVID L.....	200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City
LUKE, THOMAS.....	200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City
LYMAN, ELIAS.....	Burlington, Vt.
LOWREY, GIRARD RICE.....	Essex, N. Y.
MCCARTHY, CHARLES H.....	101 Park Ave., N. Y. City
MCCULLOUGH, HALL P.....	15 Broad St., N. Y. City
McKINNEY, DR. J. G.....	40 Court St., Plattsburg, N. Y.
McLAUGHLIN, CHESTER B., JR.....	36 West 44th St., N. Y. City
McLELLAN, HUGH.....	Champlain, N. Y.
McLELLAN, MALCOLM NYE.....	82 Beaver St., N. Y. City
McNABOE, JAS. F.....	68 William St., N. Y. City
McNABOE, PETER J.....	10 Bridge St., N. Y. City
MARKEL, GEORGE R.....	200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City
MARSHALL, A. H.....	Plattsburg, N. Y.
MARSHALL, CLIFFORD W.....	Hotel Bretton Hall, N. Y. City
MARSHALL, HON. N. MONROE.....	Malone, N. Y.
MEAD, CARL A.....	55 Wall St., N. Y. City
MEAD, LEROY R.....	Ticonderoga, N. Y.
MILLER, CHARLES M.....	68 Margaret St., Plattsburg, N. Y.
MINER, W. H.....	Chazy, N. Y.
MOODY, PAUL D.....	Middlebury, Vt.
MOOERS, JOHN H.....	51 Broadway, N. Y. City
MOORE, E. G.....	Plattsburg, N. Y.
MOORE, JOHN N.....	52 Heights Road, Ridgewood, N. J.
MORGAN, CLARENCE	Shelburne, Vt.
MOSES, HORACE A.....	Mittineague, Mass.
MULHOLLAND, JOHN E.....	247 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City
MULLIN, W. J.....	D. & H. R., Albany, N. Y.
MUMFORD, THOS. J.....	Plainfield, N. J.
MUNSEY, FRANK A.....	280 Broadway, N. Y. City
MYERS, JOHN R.....	Rouses Point, N. Y.

MYGATT, KENNETH.....	65 Central Park West, N. Y. City
NELSON, CHARLES ALEXANDER,	218 Tecumseh Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
O'BRIEN, GEN. EDWARD C.....	Union League Club, N. Y. City
O'BRIEN, HON. JOHN F.....	City National Bank, Plattsburg, N. Y.
PAINÉ, ALEXANDER BROOKS.....	200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City
PAINÉ, AUGUSTUS GIBSON 3RD.....	200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City
PAINÉ, GEO. EUSTIS.....	200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City
PARKER, DR. HORACE J.....	28 Norwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
PARKER, JOHN S.....	34 Nassau St., N. Y. City
PATRIDGE, FRANK C.....	Proctor, Vt.
PAYNE, DR. CHAS. R.....	Wadhams, N. Y.
PECK, HAMILTON S.....	Burlington, Vt.
PECK, J. A.....	55 John St., N. Y. City
PELL, HOWLAND.....	31 Nassau St., N. Y. City
PELL, STEPHEN H. P.....	16 E. 43rd St., N. Y. City
PORTER, WM. H.....	23 Wall St., N. Y. City
POTTS, G. E.....	Willsboro, N. Y.
POTTS, HUGH E.....	Willsboro, N. Y.
POWELL, MAX L.....	Burlington, Vt.
POWELL, THOMAS REED..	Kent Hall, Columbia University, N. Y. City
POWERS, GEORGE W.....	Plattsburg, N. Y.
PRESCOTT, RUFUS A.....	Keeseville, N. Y.
PRIME, S. G.....	Upper Jay, N. Y.
PROCTOR, REDFIELD.....	Proctor, Vt.
RICH, IRVING L.....	15 Everett St., Southbridge, Mass.
RICHARDS, FREDERICK B.....	Glens Falls, N. Y.
RICHARDS, W. W.....	Ticonderoga, N. Y.
RIORDON, CARL.....	355 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal, Canada
ROGERS, RALPH E.....	2 Rector St., N. Y. City
ROSENHECK, ISIDORE.....	1476 Broadway, N. Y. City
ROTHCHILD, I.....	Ticonderoga, N. Y.
ROYCE, ALEXANDER B.....	31 Nassau St., N. Y. City
RUSSELL, PARIS S.....	31 Nassau St., N. Y. City

SAXE, GEO. H.....	Chazy, N. Y.
SCHIFF, DR. L. F.....	Plattsburg, N. Y.
SCOTT, DR. ROBERT.....	Port Henry, N. Y.
SEYMOUR, EDMUND.....	45 Wall St., N. Y. City
SHEDDEN, JOHN S.....	62 West 45th St., N. Y. City
SHIELDS, ROBERT J.....	Superior, Wis.
SHIPMAN, DR. ELLIOTT W....	8519 118th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
SILVER, DR. C. D.....	Plattsburg, N. Y.
SIMPSON, J. BOULTON.....	507 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City
SIMS, CLIFFORD S.....	286 St. James St., Montreal, Canada
SLOAT, MAITLAND B.....	200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City
SMITH, E. C.....	St. Albans, Vt.
SMITH, FRANK E.....	32 Nassau St., N. Y. City
SMITH, HARRY G.....	Hotel Woodstock, 127 W. 43rd St., N. Y. City
SQUIRE, ALDIS B.....	85 John St., N. Y. City
STEARNS, JOSEPH D.....	110 Morningside Drive, N. Y. City
STEWART, DUNCAN M.....	41 Union Sq., N. Y. City
STRANAHAN, FARRAND S.....	Providence, R. I.
SUNDERLAND, E. S. S.....	15 Broad St., N. Y. City
SWIFT, CHARLES M.....	Grosse Point, Ferrisburg, Vt.
SYMS, DR. PARKER.....	361 Park Ave., N. Y. City
TAPPAN, W. H.....	North Hero, Vt.
THOMPSON, LEWIS M.....	29 Broadway, N. Y. City
TINKHAM, DR. H. C.....	Burlington, Vt.
TORREY, ARTHUR H.....	25 Nassau St., N. Y. City
TOWNSEND, INGERSOLL D.....	Essex, N. Y.
TUTTLE, GEO. T.....	Plattsburg, N. Y.
TWITCHELL, H. K.....	270 Broadway, N. Y. City
UNDERWOOD, G. F.....	30 Broad St., N. Y. City
VAN NORDEN, OTTOMAR H.....	23 East 74th St., N. Y. City
WADHAMS, A. V.....	Wadhams Mills, N. Y.
WALES, F. C.....	Chazy, Clinton Co., N. Y.
WALKER, ROBERTS	14 Wall St., N. Y. City

WEATHERWAX, H. B.....	D. & H. R., Albany, N. Y.
WEAVER, W. R.....	Peru, N. Y.
WEBB, J. WATSON.....	80 Maiden Lane, N. Y. City
WEEKS, WALTER N.....	Whitehall, N. Y.
WELLS, ALLISON GEO.....	De Pere, Wis.
WHEELER, HORACE L.....	Boston Public Library, Boston, Mass.
WHEELER, WM. H.....	Vergennes, Vt.
WHITESIDE, JOHN R.....	Champlain, N. Y.
WHITTET, F. B.....	Montreal, Canada
WILDS, PERCIVAL	2 Rector St., N. Y. City
WILKINS, F. H.....	Hotel Van Ness, Burlington, Vt.
WILLCOX, E. W.....	1451 Broadway, N. Y. City
WILLIAMS, DAVID.....	437 11th Ave., N. Y. City
WILLIAMS, W. H.....	32 Nassau St., N. Y. City
WOODWARD, WILLIAM L.....	2 Rector St., N. Y. City